

Brothers by verzisphere

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Summary:

Two brothers are reunited after several years of being apart and a run in with strange people who literally threw the younger of the two in a box.

Brothers

The fire flickered in its final throes as it warmed the adepts surrounding it during the chill night. Just as it was about to die, the will of another revitalized its warmth to assure that his sleeping companions wouldn't be cold. A little to his side sat a younger boy who shared the same eyes; both sets were as blue as the northern sea.

"Are you angry with me?" the younger boy inquired, finally breaking the silence.

"Of course not," replied the other without moving his gaze from the fire. "It wasn't your fault."

The younger boy smiled as he brought his knees to his chest. "Nowell would've chewed my head off for getting caught and thrown into a box," he said, sounding half serious.

"Yeah, she probably would," the older boy said with a nod. An awkward silence filled the air as they both watched the newly revived flame dance in the night. That day had been particularly stressful, being ambushed by strange men and all, and they were all exhausted.

"So, how is she?" This time it was the older boy who spoke up. He didn't say, but the younger boy knew he wasn't referring to Nowell.

"I've been traveling with Kraden for some time now," he replied, adjusting his round glasses, "but last I've heard from her, she was doing well."

"That's good."

There was another moment of silence between them before the younger boy said, "you know, she blames herself for driving you away." The sadness was evident in his voice and prompted the other to glance at him for a second.

"Sounds just like her. Mother was--"

"You didn't have to go," the younger boy interrupted sharply. The older one turned to him, but his eyes were hidden by the glare in his glasses.

He let out a sigh. "You know I did. I just didn't fit in with all of you. " A group image of his family, or what used to be his family, formed in his head, his red hair making him stick out like a sore thumb amongst the many heads of blue and the head of another he'd rather not think about. "And..." His voice trailed off as anger welled up inside of him and the flame in front of him warped and flared in response to his emotion. "And I couldn't take the way he always looked at me anymore, as if I was some worthless insect!"

The bespectacled boy knew exactly what he was talking about. It made him frown to know for a fact stepparents never treated stepchildren the same as their own. After all, he had witnessed it. He scooted closer and wrapped his arm with the thicker arm of the other boy, and he felt him begin to calm down. More silence.

A few calming moments later, he asks "How much does your own father believe in you?"

The larger boy chuckled. "Not much better. He thinks I'm a fool, but at least he cares. He's taught me a lot and he's always riding me about everything."

"That's good to hear, but I do recall that you deserve at least half of what comes to you." He cracked a slight smile. The

other dismissed that comment with a roll of his eyes. "Also, I'm sure your father has more faith in you than you think. Otherwise, you probably wouldn't be here."

"I guess you're right," he conceded.

He held the larger boy's arm a bit more tightly and it occurred to him that it was a lot thicker than he used to remember.

"You sure did get... really buff since you were gone." The size of his arm was rather daunting in comparison to his own. He felt like a stick figure next to him!

The larger boy grinned. "So you've notice? Maybe I can get dad to train you one day, too."

His statement made the smaller boy snicker a bit. "Oh, please! You know very well that I'm not one to take a liking to physical conditioning."

He blinked. "Conditioning? What?"

"Working out."

"Oh, right. You're such a little nerd."

"Now, now, jealousy doesn't look good on you. Plus, you could never pull off the 'smart guy' look like I can." They both couldn't help but a laugh, but kept it down as to not disturb the other two. They grew and stayed quiet for a while, enjoying each other's presence. They had plenty more catching up to do.

"Mother was... is always thinking about you," the younger boy added. "She'd be glad to hear you're doing so well."

“And I’m always thinking about her, too.”

“You could’ve come to visit... or at least wrote every so often.”

“You know I’m not good with words. He and Nowell used to always make fun of me,” he said, suddenly sounding sullen and defeated.

The other boy’s face grew serious. “Forget about whatever nonsense father and sister have said!” he dismissed quickly. “When we meet up with Kraden, I will assist you in writing a letter and send it via his carrier pigeon. How’s that for an idea?”

The older boy looked down and was met with the brightest grin he had ever seen, and couldn’t help but smile himself.

“Sounds great.” He pulled his arm out of the younger boy’s grip and wrapped it around his shoulder to pull him closer. “You’re a good brother, you know that?”

“Of course. I never forgot who my big brother was after he left...”

Author's Note:

As a fan of steam-shipping, I (and probably a lot of others :P) couldn’t help but notice that Tyrell had blue eyes.

So I wrote this after one night I considered the possibility that Rief/Nowell and Tyrell were related. It may be far-fetched, but hey, the ages were never clear in Dark Dawn (at the time of playing) besides the fact that Matthew/Tyrell were 16, and Rief seemed notably

younger than the entire group (I guessed around 11-13),
so why not?!? :D

Also, this was written quite a while back in 2011.